

# The Joviall Crew, OR, Beggars-Bush.

In which a mad Mauder doth vapour and swagger,  
With praiseing the Trade of a Bonny bold Begger.  
To the Tune of, From hunger and cold.



A Begger, a Begger,  
A Begger Ile bee,  
There's none leads a life so jocond as hee;  
A Begger I was,  
And a Begger I am,  
A Begger Ile be, from a Begger I came:  
If (as it begins) our Trading do fall,  
I fear (at the last) we shall be Beggers all.  
Our Trades-men miscarry in all their affayrs,  
And few men grow wealthy, but Courtiers &  
Players.

A Crader my Father,  
A Penner my Mother,  
A Filler my Sister, a Fileher my Brother,  
A Carter my Uncle  
That car's not for pulse;  
A Lister my Aunt, a Begger my selfe;  
In whits wheaton-tow, when ther bellies  
Were full,  
Then I tres begot betwix Tinker & Trull;  
And therefore a Begger, a Begger Ile be,  
For none hath a spirit so jocond as he.

When Byses do come to us,  
And that their intent is. [prentice]  
To follow our Calling, we ne're bind them  
Soon as they come to't,  
We teach them to do't,  
And give them a H'ff and a Wallet to boot,  
We teach them their Lingua, to crabs and  
(to Cant,  
The Devil is in them, if then they can want  
If any are here that Beggers will be,  
We without Indentures will make them free.

We Beg for our Bread,  
But sometimes it happens [Capons  
We seal it with Piso, Pullet, Cenn and  
For Churches & faffes,  
We are no Per-apers,  
We have no Religion, it lies by our prayers  
But it when its begg-men will not dran their  
(purses  
We charge a gte fire, bris a tolly of curses  
The Divel confound your good worship we cry  
And such a bold brazen-fac'd Begger am I.

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WE do things in season,  
And have so much reason,  
We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk treason  
We billet our Gates,  
At very low rates. (The Gates,  
Whilst some keeps their Quarters as high as  
Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blew-Cap, &c)  
(Tege.  
WE enter into no Covenant ney Verge;  
And therefore a bonny bold Begger Jle be,  
For none lives a life so happy as he.

We never do prate,  
In matters of State, (State:  
For fear we shoud come to Hugh Peters his  
Whilst Scripture bishifers  
And Treason upholders, (shoulders  
Have lost their heads, we keep ours on our  
Our plots & our Projects, are never so tall,  
To reach to the Top-mast of Westminster-hall  
And therefore a merry brave Begger Jle be,  
For none wears his Noddle so safely as he.

For such witty Pledges,  
As Shirts from the Hedges,  
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Hedges  
But sometimes the Whip,  
Doth make us to fay, (trip:  
And then we from Tything to Tything do  
For when in a poor Housing-Bentre no bish fit  
We stend moze in awe of the Stocks then the  
(Gibbet  
And therefore a merry mad Begger Jle be,  
For when it is night, to the Barn goes he.

London, Printed for William Gilbertson dwelling at the Bible in Giltspur street.

We throw down no Alter,  
Nor ever do falter (Halfer:  
So mewb, as to change a Galb-Chain for a  
Though some men do want us,  
And others do doubt us,  
We never go without forty pieces about us,  
But many brabellours are fife & look fiercer  
That owe for their cloths to the Taploz and  
(Marcer:  
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,  
I fear not the Compter, Kings-berich, nor the  
(Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame,  
My selfe to be lame.  
And when a coach comes I do kip to my gars  
We seldom misarry,  
Yet never do Harry  
By the Cowns Common-Prayer, nor the  
Cloak Wredory;  
But Harry and Mary (like Bites of a scather)  
do nothing but kiss, tush & lie down together  
Like piggs in the pease-straw, intangled they lye  
Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

To summe all in brief,  
We live by relief, (ebief:  
And pray for King Charls, our Commander in  
God blesse all the Peare,  
The wise Ouer-lord  
That ther may consider the poore Caveliers.  
For if ther do let them but lower to fall,  
They'll take our resission, and bigger us all:  
And then it will be, but a folly for me,  
A merry soul'd, bonny bold Begger to be.